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Merry Christmas



The Students Pen

December 1940

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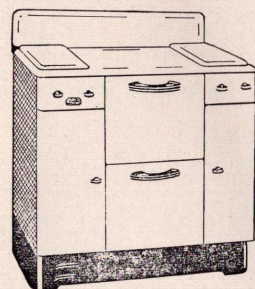
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CHRISTMAS EVE

By Kevin Lynch

Gay holly sprigs in staid lapels,
Warm wishes, glowing faces,
Carols old, and silvery bells
And socks by fireplaces.

Tall Christmas trees bedecked and bright,
Doorways and windows gleaming,
Spiced eggnogs poured by candlelight,
Children in snug beds dreaming.

With hate and heartache o'er the sea,
Should we have joy and gladness?
God made tonight's resplendency;
Men made the wars and sadness.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

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Christmas

By Helen Wade

WHEN we think of Christmas, most of us see mental pictures of what we've learned to associate with it—the preparation, the savory smell of roasting turkey, the rushing hustle of last minute gifts, the tree, luminous with its fragile balls, the excitement of tantalizing presents lying in cascades of color under the fragrant tree. Some of us may see Christmas in the country—on a farm where nature is close and bountiful; others, in the city, which has a peculiar charm of its own. Whether in the rolling stretches of quiet countryside, or in the muffled roar of a busy city, the Christmas spirit abides and brings all together in a bond of common trust.

Christmas is a time when the joy of living is renewed again in our hearts, when we look up to the stars and think that (far back in time) long ago the three wise men followed a similar light to pay homage to a tiny babe in Bethlehem. It was on such a night that the hope of peace and love came into the world. This season we feel again the indefinable spirit that makes faces happier, and the air purer, all the world a bit better. This is a moment of quiet inner glow when friendliness is uppermost in the hearts of all.

To walk up our streets, to see wreaths on the doors and the welcoming glow of candle lighted windows, to breathe the crisp air of

winter or to watch the whirling snow wreath the world in purity is to think little of the more pitiful side of Christmas when children's letters are sent to Santa in vain. Too often our Christmas is just a personal affair, a holiday for individual benefit. Too rarely we think of the other fellow who is struggling to give his family a happy Christmas, but whose finances permit neither gifts nor celebration. Fortunately we have such agencies as the Salvation Army and the Santa Toy Shop, but all cannot be reached by these organizations, and a helping hand gives a lift that can never be measured in dollars and cents.

In every heart there is a definite picture of Christmas. It may be the remembrance of a lighted tree shining on happy faces; it may be the elusive tone of young voices caroling in the distance, or the sudden breath-taking peal of an organ. All these and many more are part of the American pattern of Christmas. Whatever it may be, this fleeting moment of beauty is the true spirit of Christmas, when the heart knows only a deep, abiding peace free from all cynicism and intolerance, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

But this spirit should not die with the end of the season. It should continue throughout the year so that each and every one of us shall ever be doing our best to foster "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Christmas, 1940

By Monica Wells

THE Christmas of tradition will not bless European countries this year, for Yule logs cannot burn in England when enemy bombs have torn the great fireplaces into fragments. Wooden shoes will not wait this Christmas Eve upon the steps of Netherland homes. Across the ocean, all that will remain of old Saint Nick will be frustrated hopes in the hearts of children.

The fortunate citizens of America are not victims of such disillusionment. Christmas in Pittsfield will be as gay as ever. Weeks beforehand seasonal decorations herald the approaching holidays.

Christmas burns in colors from our large department stores. Everyone knows the message of the lights, but who does not pause and lift his eyes at least once to re-read their seasonal greeting?

Inside the stores, entire counters are given over to tinsel, tree lights, balls, icicles, and snow. Other corners are piled with colorful wrapping paper, seals, and ribbons. Every shop contributes to the glowing inspiration for a Merry Christmas.

Even the grocery stores play an important part, for what is Christmas without the traditional roasted turkey, the bowl of mixed nuts and fruits, the cranberry sauce, plum pudding, mince pie, and ribbon candy?

Throughout the city in residential sections illuminated evergreens and firs, lend their decorative note to the holiday theme.

Beautiful as all this is, it is but "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," the spirit of love and giving.

In our community the Salvation Army distributes hundreds of Christmas dinners. Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts tour the city caroling the Yuletide sentiment to shut-ins.

The toy fund of our newspaper provides gifts for countless otherwise-forgotten children. Volunteer workers cooperate in reconditioning thousands of toys and equipment. Our theaters offer free entertainment to any child who brings one toy for this purpose.

It is not sufficient for us, as individuals, to give beautifully wrapped gifts to our relatives. There are greater opportunities.

The wealthy can give thousands of dollars to charitable funds. Those of more moderate means can share their Christmas festivity with some homeless individual. The child can visit an elderly acquaintance. The toddler can divide his bag of candy.

But if there be some unable to tender any material gift, the great privilege of devout prayer is denied to none.

Let us, then, pray for those stricken ones abroad, before even we thank God that we live in a happy, free America.

CHRISTMAS

By Margaret Walsh

Glittering filigrees of snow
Do all the world enshroud;
Silver church bells peal their songs
Of Christmas cheer, aloud.
Wreaths of pine and holly twigs
In every window show;
A kiss is stolen now and then
Beneath the mistletoe.
The trees are bright with dancing hues
Of red and blue and gold;
For Christmas is the same today
As in the days of old.

Merry Christmas--Pop!

By Fred Cande

A RAW wind rushed angrily through the big city. Snow and hail swept furiously along in the wake of the savage blasts. A dreary Christmas eve it was indeed. Shoppers had all gone home early, and the dark streets were empty except for a few stragglers and the business men just leaving their offices. On one of the corners a little man stood shivering with the cold and the bitter regret that hung heavy in his heart. He looked to be nearly seventy; his clothes were shabby and much too inadequate for such a night. Under his arm were some papers which he tried vainly to sell to the few passersby. His name was Adams, Samuel Joseph Adams he had been christened some seventy-two years before, but to those who regularly bought his papers he was known only as "Pop". How many years he had been at this corner no one seemed to know, but he could have told them—if he had wanted to. Every night his customers came regularly from their offices, took their papers, spoke briefly, smiled and then were gone until the next day. He had no friends. Only Johnny Williams, who worked in the insurance building across the street, came close to that category.

For many years Pop had been saving. He knew of a good home where for a thousand dollars an old man could spend his declining days in peace and comfort. He had dreamed of this place as other men dream of riches and great wealth. It was the one thing that had kept him going. During the long years, he had saved all but three hundred dollars toward his goal, but three hundred dollars was a lot of money, too much for the time left, he had thought. Then, one night as Pop had wended his way slowly homeward, fire trucks had

gone screaming past him. When he reached his boarding house, it was to find it a mass of flames. The seven hundred dollars hidden in his mattress was gone. Only then had he given up hope. He had fallen slowly to the pavement, sobbing like a child.

That was a few days ago, and now even his customers had deserted him. The usual gifts he had come to expect each Christmas were missing. There was no one, no one to cheer him up, to give him the courage to fight on, no one to wish him a Merry Christmas. He couldn't understand it. For over fifty years he had sold papers at the same place, and never before had he been so neglected. He was hurt and bewildered like a whipped puppy. Tears came to his eyes, but only for a moment. Then he straightened his stooped shoulders and lifted his head. A young couple came down the street, their faces radiant with the joy and happiness of all youth at Christmas time.

"Paper, sir?" asked Pop.

"Guess I do. Here, keep the change. Merry Christmas!" and the young man smiled.

"Merry Christmas!" mused the old man, "Yes—Merry Christmas."

Across the street the door of the insurance building opened, and Johnny Williams came out. He sang merrily against the gale as he crossed over to where Pop was standing.

"Merry Christmas Pop," he said gaily. "Got my paper?"

"Sure, Johnny, sure I have. Here it is, and Merry Christmas to you, too."

Johnny started away; then he turned and spoke.

"Say, Pop, I've got some work to do at the office later, but won't you come and eat supper with me first?"

"Do you really want me?" asked the old man, somewhat startled.

"You bet I do. Come on."

Saying this he grabbed Pop by the arm and headed down the street. A bewildered but thankful old man stumbled along beside him. Soon they came to a popular restaurant. Johnny opened the door and entered, Pop following timidly. As he went in, Pop was blinded by the glare of the lights. For a moment he couldn't see. How quiet it was! Then the darkness passed. He sank back weakly against Johnny. The room was packed. Huge banquet tables were set up in place of the regular ones, and from behind these tables the faces of all his customers, and many unfamiliar ones, smiled across at him. Then a mighty cheer went up—a cheer for Pop. They hadn't forgotten him. As he walked slowly up to the head table, his eyes for the second time that night watered but this time with happiness. After the tumult died down, Johnny spoke—his voice full of what was in his heart.

"Pop, we all know about how your one dream went up in smoke. We've fixed all that. You'll find a check for one thousand dollars right beside your plate, and enough more is coming to buy you a new suit of clothes and anything else you can possibly want. For years and years you have carried on with a smile and a cheery word for everyone, helping others all you could with the little you had, and now it's our turn. You thought you had no friends, but this whole great city has taken you to its heart. Merry Christmas, Pop! Merry Christmas from all of us!"

And Pop, his heart filled with gratitude, knew that the Christmas Miracle had happened again.



TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Joseph Condon

The pleasantest sight in the world to me
Is a child on Christmas morn
Near a balsam tree laden down with gifts
And blowing a little toy horn.
This little tot who makes more noise
Than the U. S. Army Band
Is the true Christmas spirit of joy and love,
So why not give him a hand?
He helps to make Christmas a happy day
For those whose lives are sad,
And he's the cause of all the mirth
Possessed by those who add
To the happy spirit of Christmas Day
By giving all they can
And asking nothing in return.
God bless this little man.

PROGRESSIVE DEFINITION

By Mary Jane Keeney

Love is that which consecrates
Adorer; that which elevates
Adored.
Affection pierces, like a sword,
Aloofness with a gentle word
Or glance.
Indifference blunts the eager smile,
Appears to leave its anxious guile
Ignored.
Aversion—that, on looking back,
Which mutters, "And I fell for that,"
Askance.

A Letter to Santa

By Don Moynihan

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Jon Philip Anderson, Junior, chewed the end of his pencil, while deliberating on all the possibilities for a perfectly sc-rump-tious Christmas. He had just heard Mother tell Father that their only son was "extremely precocious." Jon was not a little worried that precocity might mean that he had been using his great big imagination in telling "twisty", little lies. They were only teeny, weeny ones, though.

You see, Jon had not been believing in Santa Claus for several months. His belief in the jolly old fellow had received a jolt when he examined the chimney on the roof of the apartment house, where he had been playing. Not even an elf could squeeze through those tiny holes in the screen over the tiles. Johnny Smithers was right! Santa was your father!

From that revealing day the problem of Christmas rolled and rolled itself around in Jon's busy little brain. If he could keep up the deception about his faith in Santa, he might have one more whopping day of Christmas bliss.

Let's see! He would send a letter to Santa, which, of course, his foolish parents would read. His father had piles of money, anyway. Hadn't he seen the glittering heaps of coins and the bags of gold down at the bank, where Daddy was a cashier? Cashiers were rich. Well, here goes:

DEAR SANTA: (Oh, what a sissy I am). PLEASE SEND A VERY GOOD BOY (Jon, I never knew you could be so pre-co-cious). AN AWTOMOBEEEL LIKE JOHNNY SMITHERS (I'll show that guy something.)

P.S. WOULD YOU BRING A BIKE, A NINDIAN SUIT, AND LONG PANTS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL? (I better cross out Sunday School, because—well, just because).

YOUR OLD FRIEND, JON

He put the letter with his father's mail on the hall table and with a hasty "Goodnight" slipped off to bed feeling happy and only a bit guilty. At seven, one's conscience is not too active.

Christmas was dawning in all its wintry beauty when Jon hurried down to the tall, tinsel-trimmed, gaily-lighted tree, and there saw the presents. Wrapped in glittering paper, each box topped by a brilliant bow in which a spray of holly was tied, the numerous gifts brought a glow to the heart of the boy and something that was a feeling of tenderness for his thoughtful parents. Then he fairly pounced upon the largest box, which must hold his heart's desire. He heard a soft whine. Consternation darkened his face. He tore open the end of the box and saw, peering out at him, a wire-haired terrier. With head cocked to one side and a droll, questioning look on his puppy face, he sent Jon into a gale of laughter. The look of disappointment changed to one of happiness. At the sign of joyful acceptance by his new master, the wobbly little dog dashed out of the box and around the tree as an invitation for Jon to pursue him. In breathless glee the small boy chased the dog around the room, and catching him, held him close in his arms in a gesture of real affection. Jon looked into those alert, shoe-button eyes and remarked,

"Huh! Who wants a nold automobile anyways!"

Just then Mother and Dad came out from the den, where they had been watching the scene with satisfaction.

"Thanks, heaps. But say, Dad, you've got a little boy that's been *awful* pre-co-cious!"

Jon wondered at the rousing laughter of the two grown-ups at this remark. Oh, well! Better not try to understand parents. Just love them and overlook a lot.

A Happy Christmas After All

By Rosina Criscitiello

"OH, isn't it wonderful! Christmas vacation has begun, and Christmas itself is only four days away!" exclaimed Jack and Nancy, the little Baxter twins of Maplewood, as they rushed home after the close of the school sessions.

So great had been the excitement of both of the children that they had scarcely been able to remain quiet throughout the long morning session of school, and they were certainly taking advantage of the freedom which they had just gained. As they went along, they talked of the coming holiday and the wonderful things that it held in store for them.

Upon arriving home, they continued to chatter, plying their mother with eager questions about Santa's probable remembrances for them. Indeed, their enthusiasm was still strong, as, during the course of the evening meal, Nancy talked of nothing but the beautiful doll carriage for which she yearned so much and which she was sure Santa would bring her. Jack, too, held his own admirably with his noisy imitations of an electric train, the coming reward for his recent good behavior.

It was not until later in the evening that the children, to the relief of their mother and father, tired of such conversation, and began to think of matters nearer at hand.

Suddenly Jack remembered that, in his excitement, he had forgotten to feed his dog, Bozo. To make up for his negligence, he hurried to the kitchen to find his pet and give him an exceptionally generous supper as an apology for neglecting him. But Bozo was not in the kitchen, nor was he sleeping on his young master's bed (one of his favorite pastimes.) Jack whistled loudly for his missing playmate, but no shrill bark answered

his call; no patter of dog's footsteps came to his ear. Bewildered, he called to his mother.

"Where is Bozo? I can't find him anywhere."

"Why, he's here somewh—Say, now that you speak of him, I don't recall having seen him since early this morning," replied Mother Baxter.

"Then he's lost!" cried Jack.

"Who's lost?" asked Nancy, who had heard Jack's cry and had come to learn its cause.

"It's Bozo," explained Jack, "Mother says he hasn't been home all day."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" wailed Nancy. "Maybe he's freezing out in the cold somewhere; maybe he's hungry, maybe he's crying for us," and Nancy herself began to cry.

"Cheer up, Nancy," ventured Jack encouragingly, "we'll look for him tomorrow, and perhaps we'll find him very soon."

Nancy and Jack, who had been so filled with happiness all day, went to bed that night with heavy hearts. Both children loved Bozo dearly, and the thought that he was lost, perhaps never to be found again, made them feel very sad.

The following morning the two children, with high hopes, set out in search of their pet. But, as they proceeded, their search became more and more discouraging. Though they searched many streets and inquired of many people, they found no trace of Bozo.

The search on the following day proved to be equally fruitless. The third day, the day before Christmas, was the most discouraging. The Baxters had not found a single clue as to the whereabouts of Bozo, and the notice which Father had put in the *Lost Dog Column* of the newspaper had re-

mained unanswered. Nancy and Jack, however, were not totally disheartened, nor had they lost all hope. Before they climbed into bed that Christmas Eve, they knelt together and with earnest voices begged God to restore their beloved Bozo to them.

On Christmas morning, when Jack found a handsome electric train among his gifts, he tried to appear happy. Nancy, too, attempted to hide her sorrow as she beheld the shiny, new doll carriage; but despite the efforts of the children to conceal their feelings, Mother and Father realized that these gifts did not lessen their sadness at the loss of their dog.

All day Nancy and Jack were very quiet. They did not go out again to look for Bozo, for they felt that a further search would be useless. Mother tried to cheer them a little by preparing a wonderful dinner, but Nancy and Jack, for the first time in their young lives, found it difficult to eat the food prepared by the one who, they had always agreed, was the best cook in the world.

As she toyed with the food before her, Nancy suddenly asked, "Daddy, do you think we'll ever see Bozo again?"

Father was just about to reply when the telephone rang. He answered and for awhile listened silently to the voice at the other end of the wire. Suddenly he exclaimed, "What's that you're saying? You have a dog there which you think belongs to us? Well, keep him there, and we'll be right over!"

Hastily slamming down the receiver, he shouted, "Here's your answer, Nancy. If you and Jack come with me, I think we'll find Bozo."

Ten minutes later, the children and their father were entering a house on the other side of the town, having been admitted by an elderly gentleman and a little girl. As Nancy and Jack stepped inside the door, they uttered a cry of joy, for standing in front of them was their precious dog. Bozo, recognizing his little master and mistress, promptly began

licking their faces and rubbing his soft, warm body against their legs.

When the excitement was over, Bozo's host explained that he had found the dog one evening on his doorstep. As Bozo appeared to be cold and hungry, the man had taken him in and cared for him. He admitted that he had been very busy of late and had not had much time to read the evening newspapers; so he had missed the advertisement in the lost dog column. As he was catching up on his newspaper reading that morning, he had finally come upon the advertisement and immediately telephoned the Baxters to inform them that their dog was still alive and well and to give them knowledge of his whereabouts.

Jack and Nancy were again happy, for they had at last found Bozo. That night, as Nancy sat by the fireplace at home, gently patting Bozo's soft head, she said, "Bozo, you're better than any Christmas present I'll ever receive."

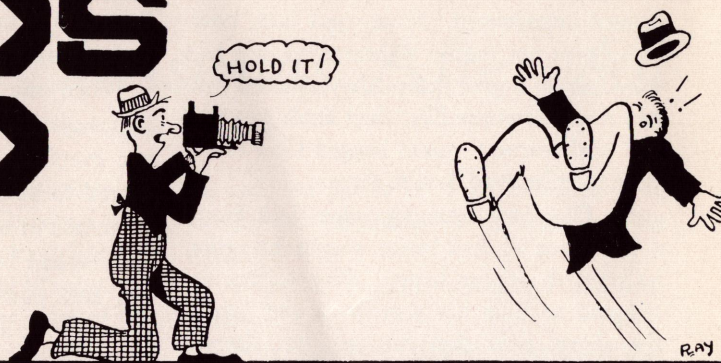
"Yes," said Jack, who was seated near her, "I shall always remember this as the happiest Christmas I've ever had."

Merry Christmas

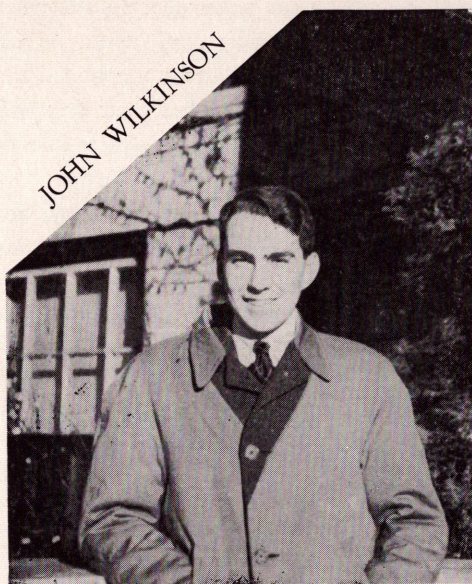
By Dorothy Calnan

Usually Christmas to the upperclassmen of P. H. S. is that time when little sophs hang up their stockings and wait patiently for St. Nick to creep down the chimney. But this year it means so much more to all of us. Even though our possessions seem humble and our existence and daily work so unimportant, we have a feeling of security that is found in no other place except in these United States of America. This year let us stop to count our blessings and let us do all in our power to bring happiness to those around us. A very Merry Christmas to all.

WHO'S WHO



JOHN WILKINSON



THE NEW PRESIDENT

Introducing John Wilkinson, better known to his friends as "Pudgy." One can hardly appreciate the nickname of this tall, good-looking junior, who has been elected as presiding officer of his class for the coming year. John is really quite the "flash". He is not only a fine all round fellow, but, girls, he has the cutest dimples.

At his own leisure, John "lets loose" on the piano. He likes jazz and really "goes to town." His favorite sports are baseball and one particular blond. John says that he doesn't like the way girls act. We wonder what she does that we don't.????

BARBARA BARRETT



VIRTUOSO

This is Barbara Barrett, folks—nimble-fingered, vivacious, clever, and oh, so interested in the football team.

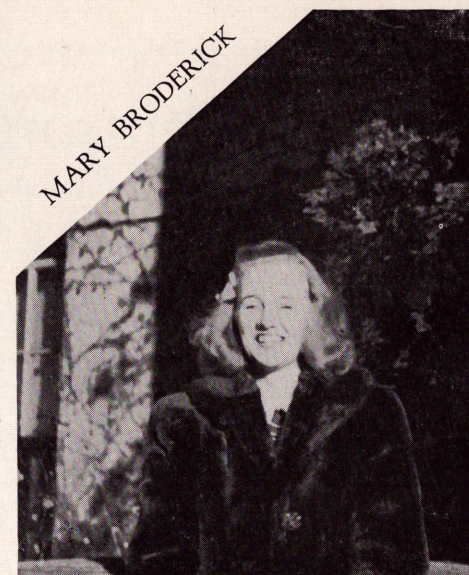
She spends most of her time in 108 with the cast, chorus, and orchestra of the "Pirates of Penzance." With Barbara, it's thumbs up on steak, music, and lilies-of-the-valley, and thumbs down on cauliflower and math departmentals.

Hurry and meet Barbara, so that when she is a famous pianist, you can all say "Why, I knew her when——"

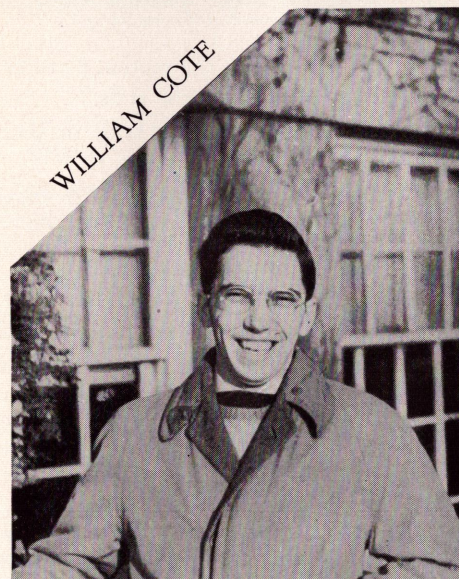
GLAMOUR GIRL

Attention, students! Presenting Mary Broderick, blonde and beautiful secretary of the Senior Class and President of Gi-Y. If you want to be a good friend of Mary's, take her to a football or a hockey game and encourage her in her skiing, which she claims needs encouragement. Feed her anything chocolate, or better still, a tempting platter of spaghetti, but never—no, *never*—even mention Chinese food to her. Mary says she has no ambition—as yet,—but we feel that no matter what she decides to do, she'll succeed.

MARY BRODERICK



WILLIAM COTE



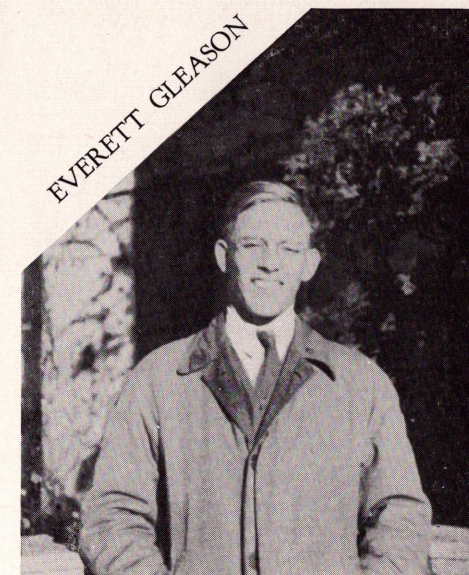
RING CHAIRMAN

We have the honor of introducing a popular senior, William Cote, Chairman of the Ring Committee, and Treasurer of Senior Hi-Y. Swimming, his favorite sport, gives Bill a hearty appetite—especially for luscious steak smothered in onions. His only dislike is a matching test—any kind at all. He tells us that he favors platinum blondes (he must be off the gold standard). Bill aims to please, so if your rings don't satisfy you, see him about them.

TRACK STAR

This handsome young man is the chairman of the senior class comic operetta "The Pirates of Penzance." Everett, usually a person of somewhat slow manoeuvres (not mentally, however) sheds his cloak of slowness when athletically employed, with the net result that he is now Western Mass. champion in the 100 and 200 yard dashes, and captain-elect of the track team. He gets along especially well with Miss Kaliher in a very active history class.

EVERETT GLEASON



Karl Robinson, Photographer

By Dorothy E. Calnan

THOSE who attended the first A. I. E. E. assembly and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Karl Robinson lecture, and the opportunity of seeing his remarkable color films of Alaska must realize his extraordinary skill with the camera.

Each summer for four years, he and his wife, a native of California and alumna of Stanford University, have visited Alaska, studying the people and their customs, and taking pictures in preparation for the lecture entitled, "Our Attic Stairs—Southeastern Alaska."

Taking advantage of his good nature, your inquiring reporter asked the following questions and received the following answers:

Q. "For how long a time have you been interested in Alaska?"

A. "Since I was in high school, or perhaps even before that. While I was in high school, a friend and I wrote to the Chamber of Commerce of Alaska asking if there was any work for two 'men' in that section."

Q. "Did you receive any answer?"

A. "No. Apparently they didn't consider us important enough for their attention."

Q. "I see you didn't let that discourage you."

A. "No. After graduation I started for Alaska without the permission of the Chamber of Commerce."

Q. "Did you reach there?"

A. "Not exactly. I overshot my mark by about 7000 miles and ended up in China."

Q. "What do you like most about your work?"

A. "It makes it possible for us to become very familiar with any subject in which we happen to be especially interested. For example, not so long ago we took pictures of

the giant Redwood trees of California and discovered there was a lot about the logging industry we didn't know."

Q. "What do you enjoy the least about taking these long trips into the wilderness?"

A. (At this point Mrs. Robinson answered for her husband.) "I think he dislikes carrying the heavy packs!"

Q. "Who takes the pictures on your trips?"

A. "Usually I take the motion pictures, and Mrs. Robinson takes the stills."

Q. "Do you show these stills in your lectures?"

A. "Yes, but we couldn't show them today as our program was so short."

Q. "Did you find Alaska very cold?"

A. "It is in some parts, of course. But, as we usually take our pictures during the summer, and lecture during the winter in the States, we find it colder here than in Alaska. That sounds like 'Believe it or not'—doesn't it?"

Q. "Have you any hobbies?"

A. "I'm something like a busman who goes for a ride on his day off. In my spare time, I take pictures of Alaska."

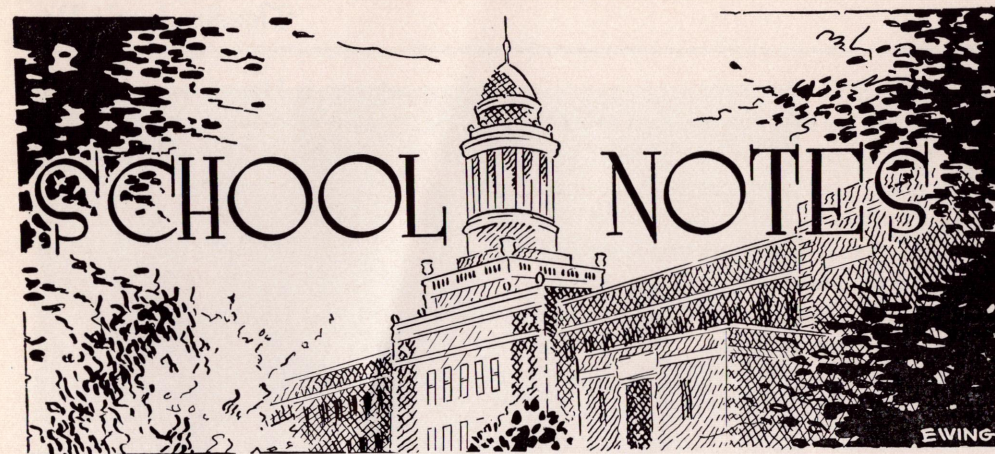
Q. "Do you like football?"

A. "Not especially. My wife is the football fan."

Q. "What did you think of the students of Pittsfield High School as an audience?"

A. "They were very attentive. I enjoy lecturing to a group of young people. They are usually more responsive than an older audience."

Mr. Robinson is planning to visit Alaska again next summer. Since it is such an immense country, there are many important parts of it he has not photographed as yet.



EDITOR: Dorothy E. Calnan

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Irene Cooney, Gloria Cushman, Martha Chapman, Patricia Fallon, William Kelly, Olga Massimiano, Arlene O'Brien, Barbara Prager, Ruth Tappin, Helen Williams.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Within the last two years, we have become very familiar with the gay operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan. The members of the senior class will recall the rollicking airs of "H. M. S. Pinafore," the first operetta ever presented by Pittsfield High School. As juniors last year, when the beautiful "Mikado" came to our stage, we resolved to carry on this new tradition. Now we are doing just that. Rehearsals are under way, the cast has been chosen, and on February 13 and 14, the members of the Senior Class of 1941 will present Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance."

The cast is as follows:

Richard (a pirate chief)	Raymond Sawyer
Samuel (his lieutenant)	John F. Kelly
Frederic (a pirate apprentice)	Calvin Tainter
Major-General Stanley of the British Army	Robert Davis
Edward (a sergeant of police)	Richard Hosmer
Mabel (General Stanley's youngest daughter)	Cynthia Scribner
Edith, Kate (General Stanley's daughters)	Nancy MacVeigh, Jean DeLoye
Isabel	Eleanor Caperella
Ruth (a piratical "maid of all work")	Virginia Ranti

OUR ATTIC STAIRS

A well-filled auditorium greeted Karl Robinson, who opened the A. I. E. E. Assembly Series on November 6 with his lecture on southern Alaska. Mr. Robinson illustrated his lecture, entitled "Our Attic Stairs," with colored moving pictures. These breathtaking movies showed black bears fishing the streams for salmon, the story of the salmon run, and the salmon industry, and pictures of the last Indian "Potlaches" given to celebrate the inauguration of a new tribal chief. Although his talk was mainly on southeastern Alaska, he had some excellent pictures of the glacier regions which were awe inspiring as well as educational. Mr. Robinson spoke not only of the natural beauties of the country, but of the characteristics of the people who inhabit it. His lecture was greeted with enthusiasm by the student body as well as the faculty.

STAMP CLUB

The members of the 1940 Stamp Club elected the following officers for this year: *President*, Stanley Moran; *Vice President*, Harry Wolfe; *Secretary*, Margaret Grutten; *Treasurer*, Gordon Adelson.

SENIOR NOTES

For perhaps the first time since we entered school, time seems to be going too fast. It is hard to realize that all too soon we shall be leaving Pittsfield High School to make our place in the world. Our senior year is proving to be by far the best of all.

The Senior Class Council held its first meeting and elected Everett Gleason as Chairman of the operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance." As yet he has not chosen his committee. Plans were also discussed for the Year Book by Mr. Herrick, our class adviser.

The Good Will Committee has been re-established under the direction of Dorothy Arigoni. Her staff consists of the following students: Pearl Gramcowski, Olive Eurburn, Nancy MacVeigh, Martha Chapman, Helen Sangivanne, and Carmen Ayra.

Two students, Beulah Olson and Helen Goodwin, have left Pittsfield High School to attend Mary A. Burnham School in Northampton, Massachusetts. Miss Goodwin has been elected vice-president of her class.

JUNIOR NOTES

We of the junior class have begun to feel quite important. At last we are taking our place in P. H. S. During the past month we held two class meetings. At the first, we nominated candidates for officers, and on November ninth, we elected the following pupils to lead our class this year: *President*, John Wilkinson; *Vice President*, Patrick Mulinari; *Secretary*, Jean Scott; and *Treasurer*, Helen Williams; *Adviser*, Miss Kaliher.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

We've survived more than ten weeks of our first year at P. H. S. and although we still shudder at the mention of November fifteenth, Fate could be treating us much worse. We've had a great many "firsts" so far, but the Pittsfield High versus St. Joseph's High football game was the highlight of them all.

We certainly cheered for all we were worth. (All right—so it isn't very much!).

Basketball season will soon be here and after a little while *another* report card. Don't weep though; at least it can't be any worse.

THE DRUM MAJORETTES

On October 26, the day of the Drury-Pittsfield High game, nine baton-twirling majorettes and a snappy drum major made their first appearance with the Pittsfield High Band.

The majorettes, Laura Easland, Jane Blackburn, Gloria Caden, Marjorie McGrane, Angeline Marsello, Helen Moore, Grace Polidon, Anita Newton, and Dorothy Legge, and the drum major, Anna Roberts, have been rehearsing all summer under Mr. Ernest Drew of Springfield. Miss Roberts was chosen for drum major after a contest held last week. Mr. Gorman and Mr. Drew selected Miss Roberts because of her natural rhythm, balance, poise, and general cadence. She was also commended for her excellence in twirling.

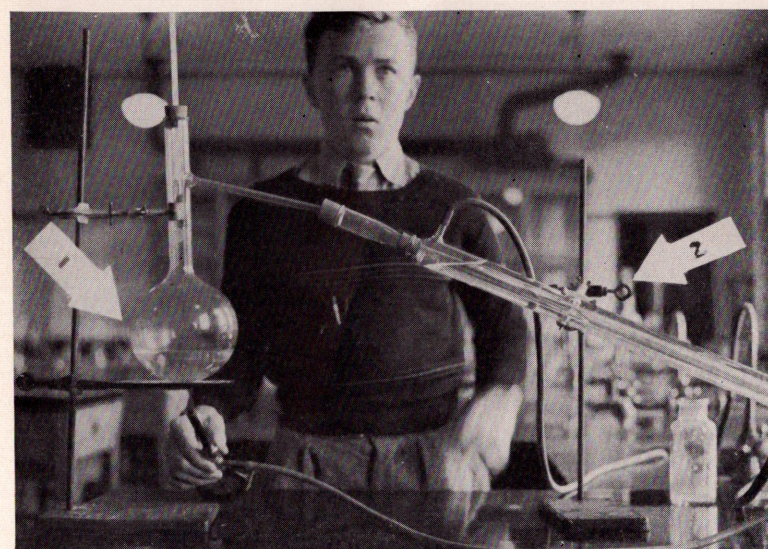
The hearts of the students should thump with loyalty as they proudly witness the appearance of the school band and its attractive leaders, spurring the team on to victory.

COLD TURKEY

Thanksgiving is over and done with, but memories of the turkey still remain. Who would have guessed there were so many different ways to disguise that famous bird. Thanksgiving this year seemed a little more serious than usual as we stopped and thought of our wonderful United States and the freedom and peace we are enjoying. We certainly do have a great deal to be thankful for.

CANDID CAMERA

All photographs in the Who's Who this month were taken by Donald Clark, member of the senior class.



NOW, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

Junior Chemist, Bill King, is distilling good old H_2O in the picture above. Bill is anxiously waiting for the impure water being heated in the flask, (arrow 1), to pass off as gas. Arrow 2 indicates the condenser. The jacket of cold water around the condenser is responsible for the change to chemically pure water. The locale of the picture is Mr. Conroy's lab class. George Spasyk's candid camera caught the demonstrator in action.

HERE AND THERE

We've seen some wonderful examples of smuggling in P. H. S. Did you ever watch the innocent air of a person as he strolls out of the cafeteria with a candy bar concealed between the pages of a notebook?

A certain history teacher has the seniors in a quandary. Her matching tests would baffle Einstein, we hear.

Everyone has experienced that noontime let down. With so many good things to be had, why do we always find peanut butter sandwiches in our lunch?

Time may march on, but our attitude at football games does not change much. We still eat lollipops, drink "cokes", and yell ourselves hoarse.

We're wondering if the teachers took that Halloween pledge and if not—WHY NOT!

Mr. Leahy's theme song is "A Million Dreams Ago"—or was it twenty years?

There should be a very special study hall for all of us who don't want to study and ALL of us don't!

We're beginning to wonder if we're abused. Just look at what Henry Aldrich gets away with.

In a certain study hall, one bright (?) soph answered the phone, then turned around, and with the usual bewildered look on his face said, "Is there a Miss Downs in here?" (P.S. In case you haven't guessed, Miss Downs was the teacher in charge.)

Some of the students get pretty excited at the football games, and consequently become tongue-tied. At the Drury-P. H. S. game we heard one clever student screaming "Hold that block!" and another screeching for a "home run."

GLEE CLUBS

The Christmas outlook for the Glee Clubs seems very bright indeed. Last year, as everyone knows, the Girls' Club presented a very attractive Christmas program. This year the boys are going to try to outdo them in presenting a program of their own. From all reports, it appears that they might succeed. They are planning to sing several three and four part songs with featured solos. We're sure we shall enjoy the music as much as we have in past years.

TRI-HI

Plans were discussed during the past month to change the name of the Tri-Hi club. Since this club was the first to organize, the name will be changed to the Alpha Chapter of the Tri-Hi-Y Clubs.

Irma Dondi has been chosen Social Chairman for this year.

GI-Y

The Gi-Y club has been holding many business meetings this month. The members are planning a Thanksgiving basket which will be given to some needy family. Margaret Cone has been appointed chairman of this affair.

The Gi-Y club is also planning to change its name. As the second club, it will take the name Beta. As yet the matter has not been put up for vote.

TRI-Y

On October twenty-ninth the Tri-Y held induction for new members. The club is now working on scrap books which will be given to the children in the hospitals. These books will contain pictures, poems, and stories—all of which will appeal to the young readers. The Tri-Y club is planning to change its name to the Gamma Chapter. No vote has been taken on the matter as yet.

HI-Y

To open the Hi-Y social season, the Hi-Y clubs gave a Halloween Hop on November first. On Friday, November fifteenth, there was a Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y conference for all the Hi-Y officers and social chairmen at Stockbridge.

SIGMA EPSILON HI-Y

The officers for this year in Sigma Epsilon Hi-Y are *President*, Everett Gleason; *Vice President*, Carl Heidel; *Treasurer*, Phillip Collins; *Secretary*, Donald Hurley; *Warden*, Venus Surowiec; and *Adviser*, Mr. John Phelan. The new members elected into the

club are Fred Cande, Don Gabriele, Robert Gordon, Gerald Kellog, Joseph Reid, Harry Tylor, Robert Halford, and George Taylor.

SENIOR HI-Y

The following officers have been elected by the members of the Senior Hi-Y: *President*, Fred Thrane; *Vice President*, Victor Thrane; *Treasurer*, William Cote; *Secretary*, Peter Easland; *Warden*, Joseph Coughlin; and *Adviser*, Mr. Jaehnert.

TORCH HI-Y

The new members of the Torch Hi-Y elected into the club this year are Leonard Volk, Robert Cooney, Steven O'Connell and Clement Smith. The officers for this year are *President*, Willys Monroe; *Treasurer*, Donald Clark; *Secretary*, Charles McCarty; *Warden*, Robert Miller; and *Adviser*, Mr. L. Murphy.

THE RADIO GUILD

One of the hardest working and newest groups in our school is the Radio Guild. Its members meet every fifth period in Room 150 under the direction of Mr. Joyce. They write many of the scripts that we hear broadcast over WBRK. We have already heard three of these works: "Beyond the Sea of Darkness—America", a Columbus Day play by Miss Elisabeth Urban; "National Defense Halloween"; and "Education for the National Defense." We are to hear a special Thanksgiving and Christmas broadcast. The members of the Radio Guild are Bernice Bridges, Mary Crossin, Alice Cohen, Elisabeth Urban, Richard Gallagher, James Eulian, Kenneth Lundergan, Olive Eurbin, Maurice Samels, William Flynn, Altilia Centofanti, Harold Bunt, Richard Bolander, Santana Albano, Charles Gilson, Jane Hearn, Virginia Ranti, Dwight Hathaway, Eleanor Caparrella, Jean Porter, Irene Quetti, Raymond Dunham, Leon Lipshitz, Harold Wolfe, Cornelia Harrigan, Don Moynihan and Rosemary Williams.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

This month the Motion Picture Club is reviewing "Northwest Mounted Police." The students first study the background of the picture, and after the picture is seen, topics are given out. This month the following topics have been assigned:

Background of the Plot—Patricia Watson
Setting—Dorothy Collins
Facts about Canada—Mary Denno
Production—Armanda Boino
The Plot—Clair Potter
Gary Cooper—Eleanor Francoeur
Madeline Carroll—Beryl Blaney
Paulette Goddard—Edith Goddard
Robert Preston—Irene Flossic
Preston Foster—Janet Fontaine

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Let it be hereby known to all readers, that in no way does the writer of this section wish to be held liable for any matter contained in it. And, let it be also known, that said writer does not intend to accuse any teacher of repeating himself. The writer has merely listened at a few keyholes, kept awake in class for a few days with the result that he presents the following words that fall from the lips of our learned superiors at frequent intervals.

Mr. Geary—"Catch 'em?"

Miss Casey—"Now in France—"

Mr. Gorman—"It's a beautiful operetta!"

Miss Murphy—"I wonder what makes me yawn—I know I'm not tired!"

Mr. Carey—"I'm a Turk myself."

Miss Kaliber—"You just don't think!"

Mr. Newman—"Stay in your seats until the last bell!"

Miss Enright—"You're enjoying that gum much too much!"

Mr. Herrick—"You're not serious—are you?"

Miss Nagle—"They're such nice children!"

Mr. Conroy—"A-l right!"



IMPRESSED by the favorable reaction to last month's column of DISCOVERIES,—one sophomore (who shall remain nameless for obvious reasons) said, upon reading, (quote), "Hmmm!" (unquote)—I am encouraged to carry on with my research into the realm of the recording racket.

LARRY CLINTON, note pusher deluxe, shows that his reputation as an arranger is not just talk by his great arrangements of Sousa's *Semper Fidelis* and Tschaiowsky's *Valse des Fleurs—Waltz of the Flowers* to you, bud. (Bluebird).

CHARLIE BARNET and his "ork" play the nuttiest, whackiest, screwiest, and best arrangement of *Night and Day* that this reviewer has yet heard. Charlie's tenor and the band go completely mad, but it's great! (Bluebird).

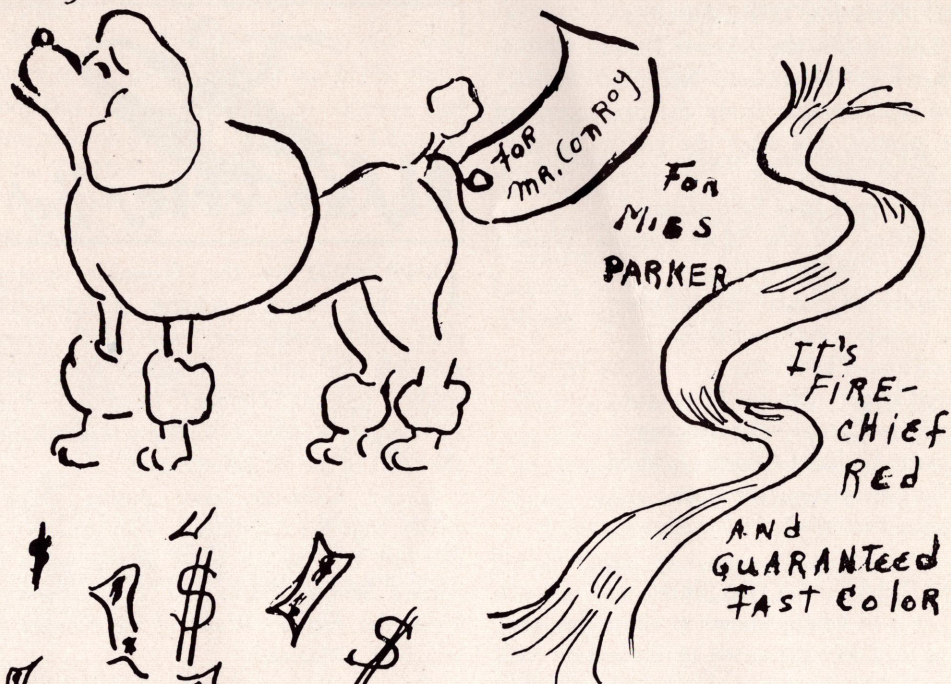
For those of you who like, or for those of you who would like to hear real, old-fashioned jazz, I recommend listening to SIDNEY BECHET's (Victor) record of *Ain't Misbehavin'* and BLUES FOR YOU, JOHNNY.

A great—albeit hitherto unknown—trumpeter, Emmet Berry, pops up on HORACE HENDERSON's version of *Chloe*. Listen to that Berry man, that tone, that feeling—it's downright thrilling! If I wanted to be punny I could say, "It's Berry good."—I won't. (Okeh).

We Three, as played by TOMMY DORSEY's trombone and sung by Frank Sinatra, creates a soft, intimate mood. It's for dancing—listening optional. (Victor).

GENE KRUPA's drumming and IRENE DAYE's vocal makes *Drummer Boy* one of the better of the new Krupa records.

For you All, A MERRY Christmas



MISS MURPHY, MISS KALIHEN,
MR. GORMAN:
DON'T CROWD.

A MILLION DOLLAR
BABY

FOR
MISS Pfeiffer—
A little HAVEN
IN THE COUNTRY.



Because we feel our teachers deserve a reward for their hard work, we have arranged with Santa to see that their slightest wish will be granted. Just form a line to the right, don't crowd, and state your request in a clear voice:—

MISS NAGLE—"A silencer for Rosemary Norton."

MR. CAREY—"Peace."

MISS RHODES—"A mink coat and a diamond necklace to go with my new automobile."

MR. GEARY—"Absolutely nothing!" (Disgusting—Isn't it?)

MISS MURPHY—"A million dollars!"

MR. HENNESSEY—"A sophomore class who'll do some biology!"

MISS KELLY—"An automatic curtain opposite 140 to be lowered at the press of a desk button."

MR. LEAHY—"A saddle to go with the horse I didn't get a few years back."

MISS MUSGROVE—"Lots of snow!"

MR. HERRICK—"An automatic blackboard eraser."

MISS KALIHEN—"Two million dollars!!"

MR. CONROY—"Just a dog!"

MISS ENRIGHT—"A soldier blue La Salle!"

MR. JOYCE—"A raise to take care of the twins!"

MISS MILLET—"A class in which no one chews gum!"

MR. L. MURPHY—"More study from my history students."

MISS POWER—"Turkey with all the trimmings!"

MISS McNAUGHTON—"A needle to inject energy into my gym students!"

MR. MORAN—"A school filled with boys who get up every morning!"

MISS PFEIFFER—"A little cottage in the country, where I can 'get away from it all.'"

MR. GORMAN—"A million dollars!" (Another capitalist!)

MISS McLAUGHLIN—"A machine with which to reduce without any effort."

MR. C. MURPHY—"An automatic composition corrector."

MISS VIGER—"Nice long rest."

MISS PARKER—"A red wool scarf to wrap up my mumps if I should happen to have them again."

MR. STROUT—"A pair of new 'no fall' skis."

MISS CASEY—"Homes for the Y. M. C. A. Conference boys."

MR. McKENNA—"Promotion in the R. O. T. C."

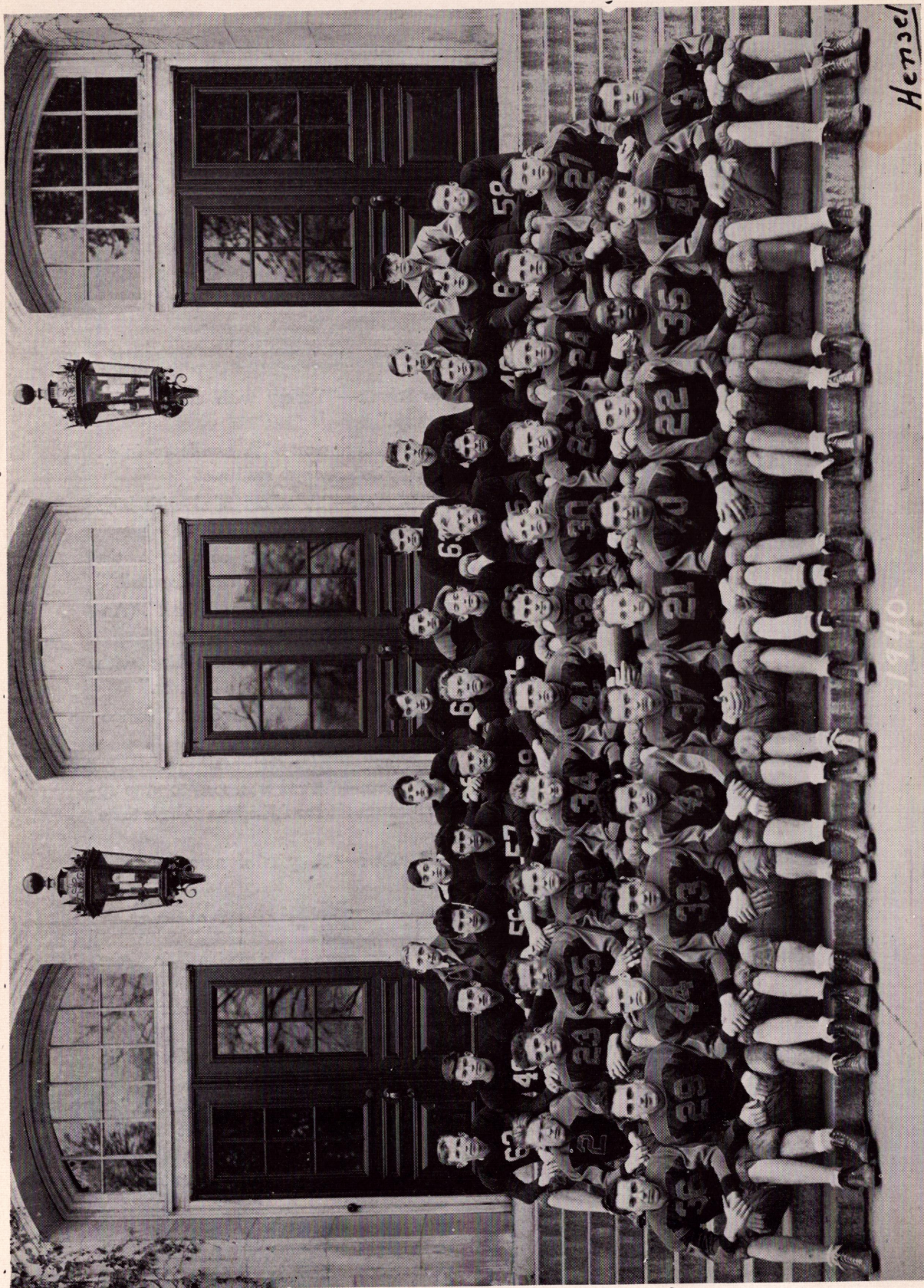
MISS CONLON—"More and better Latin students."

MISS BULGER—"More stamp collectors in P. H. S."

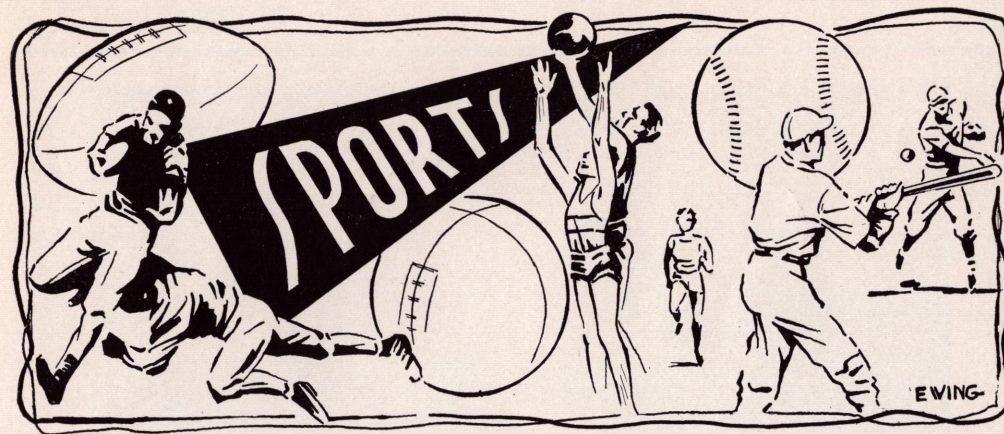
MISS DALY—"A trip to South America."

MISS HODGES—"A season ticket to the Capitol."

MR. J. McMAHON—"A few hours of sound sleep at night."



THE 1940 FOOTBALL SQUAD



BADLY BEATEN!

On October nineteenth, our Pittsfield High football squad journeyed to Valley Street Field in Adams for what had promised to be an exciting contest. The teams, according to their records, were about evenly matched. Both teams were at full strength. Both the Adams and Pittsfield High School bands appeared for the occasion to do their bit for their Alma Maters. The bleachers were jammed full, and throngs of spectators, who were eagerly awaiting the referee's starting whistle, crowded the sidelines.

The whistle blew. Pittsfield's Ted Mezejewski booted to the Adams' 22, and the game was on! Leary, the Adams right half-back, snagged the ball and tossed a lateral to End McAndrews who was smothered on the 30. In two successive first downs the defending champions carried the ball to mid-field. Some of the spectators settled back in their seats, as if to say "That's as far as the ball will go; Pittsfield will hold."

These people were greatly surprised, as were most of the fans, when the Adams men weren't stopped. On the contrary, the champs accumulated three more first downs and advanced to the Pittsfield 10 yard stripe, where they lost the ball on downs. Gerry Kelley picked up two yards; then Mezejewski kicked. The punt was partially blocked and went out of bounds on the 22.

As the quarter ended, the Shire City boys were backed up to their own 3 yard marker.

Commencing the second quarter, Nowell plowed through tackle for an Adams tally. The conversion was successful. The score remained 7 to 0 until the beginning of the third quarter.

While the Adams High School band played "Onward Adams", their team kept right in step. A first down,—one more,—and still another first down! The ball now rested on the Pittsfield 2. Then, Leary, the Adams right half, on third down, trotted across the goal for the second touchdown of the game.

In the final quarter, the Fox men staged another concerted attempt for score, marching 80 yards down to the Pittsfield 17. The Purples, aided by two offside penalties on the Adams side, finally regained possession of the ball. During the last few minutes Pittsfield struggled vainly for a score. She did manage to reach the Adams 45 yard line, but there her offensive bogged down.

P. H. S. TAKES DUCKING!

Playing under adverse weather conditions the Pittsfield High gridders remained in the loss column on November 2, melting before a rugged Poughkeepsie, N. Y. football squad 7 to 0.

Though managing to keep abreast of the



AT THE DRURY GAME

waves for the first three stanzas, a final surge by Poughkeepsie, with less than a minute to go, left no doubt in anyone's mind but that the Empire State team had won.

Poughkeepsie earned nine first downs to Pittsfield's none. Much fumbling by the former, and excellent runbacks by the latter are to blame for the low score.

The longest run of the game was made by Mezejewski. In kick formation, Ted received a bad pass from center and decided to run with the ball. Galloping straight through the center of his own line, he picked up twenty big yards.

Venus Surowiec played a sparkling game for Pittsfield, getting off several long range kicks, and making considerable gains through the line.

PITTSFIELD vs. DRURY

By Bernard Feldman

Oh well, we expected it. In fact, we feel just a bit lucky. What a bunch of big guys! And the strangest part of it was that their smallest member led their attack. "And a

little child shall lead them." How true, how true. That little guy went through our line so often, that after a while our boys must have let him by through sheer force of habit. By the way, this scourge's name is Lepine, little leaping Lepine.

How did we do? Very well, those fellows really had a team. Holding them to a 13 to 0 score was no small feat. We were nobly aided and abetted by Theodore Mezejewski's tremendous punts.

Alertness played a big part in this game too. Many a recovered fumble stalled Drury drives deep in Pittsfield territory. Luck? Sure, but alertness too. Give credit where credit is due. The boys really fought in that game. Drury just had too much of everything—too much weight, too much speed, and too many plays.

A highlight of the day was the first appearance of the P. H. S. band, led by their new majorettes, who thrilled the crowd with their exhibition. It is too bad that they were presented under such adverse conditions. That band sure is behind the team.

PITTSFIELD 0—ST. JOE 0

On a gloomy Armistice Day, Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's sprang at each other's throats in the continuance of their twenty-one year rivalry, and judging from the scoreless tie which resulted, both must have missed. Back and forth over the turf the two evenly matched teams surged, both having scoring opportunities and both failing to score. Pittsfield, however, did cross her opponent's last white line, but to no avail. A penalty, for backfield in motion, cost us five yards and the game. The penalty was the culmination of a brilliant and determined drive from our own thirty-five yard line.

This drive began when Anderson recovered Duffy's fumble at the aforementioned thirty-five yard marker. From this point, a series of determined running and passing plays carried us over the goal line and back again. The brunt of this attack was led by Venus Surowiec and Ev Gleason, Ev circling the ends, Venus bucking the line.

During the third and fourth periods, St. Joe threatened many times, but could not put over a score. Twice they were stopped within the shadow of our goal posts, once on an intercepted pass and again when Pittsfield, with its back against the wall, rallied spiritedly and held for downs.

The standout of the day was little Angie Di Nicola, who sparked St. Joe to this unexpected scoreless deadlock. Time and time again, he broke loose for dazzling runs. Once, Pittsfield seemed to have extinguished this little ball of fire when after a hard tackle he was taken out of the game with an injured ankle. Sighs of relief could be heard originating in the Pittsfield section of the bleachers.

"He's out," they seemed to say, "He's out. Now we are safe." But we weren't. A short time later Angelo came back and took up where he left off.

Venus Surowiec was Pittsfield's main offense and defense. His bucking the line and punting were what kept us in the ball game. St. Joe was set back on its heels many a time by his fine kicking.

Here is what the leading ground gainers of the day did. Surowiec made 60 yards in 12 tries; Gleason, 43 yards in 11 tries; and Di Nicola, 93 yards in 19 attempts.

Final Score—St. Joe 0—Pittsfield 0.

ALONG THE FIRING LINE

By Bernard Feldman

"He's loose again! No, Gad!!! our safety man's got him! He's loose again! No, our safety man's got him! He's loose——!" Such was the gist of the conversation of the fans during the game of games, the St. Joe's game. They were referring to the thorn in our collective sides, that elusive little rabbit (he always got by our line by just a *hare*—Wow!) Angie Di Nicola: No matter how partial we may be, he must be given credit for a game definitely well played. Okay, now my conscience is eased. Did you see the kicking and running of Venus Surowiec and the heads-up play of Eddie Hanna? Venus averaged five yards and a try for five tries, Ev Gleason broke away for some nice gains, averaging about four yards in eleven attempts. Why did we lose then, you ask? Fate. Just plain, unglamorous fate—an unfavorable fate at that. When Surowiec crossed the goal, not only did he have the St. Joe's line to buck, but he also had fate against him. He got by the last white line, but he could not get by fate. When that last minute pass just grazed Red Archer's fingertips, why wasn't he down there, or why was the pass a little too high? No, it wasn't Yehudi; it was fate again. Boy, that little guy sure overworked on Armistice Day.

Oh well, we'll get them next year. It would have been too bad to have spoiled our spotless record and to have won the game, now, wouldn't it? Oh, it wouldn't!

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Bertha C. Thomson, Rosemary McHugh

A NEW INSTRUCTOR

Miss Helen MacNaughton has succeeded the former Miss Margaret Ward, as assistant director of physical training for girls. She is not a "new teacher" to many of the girls, for it was only a few years ago that she was Director of the Girls' League Physical Educational Department at the Girls' League on East Street.

After leaving the Girls' League, she went to Baltimore, Maryland, where she received her Bachelor of Science Degree.

After receiving her degree, she taught physical education at Selton High School in Baltimore.

She came back to Pittsfield this summer to fill the vacancy left by Miss Ward.

SWIMMING

The swimming season opened this year with many new and enthusiastic prospects coming forth from the Sophomore group. Included are Pat Smith, Sally Sisson, Charlotte Chinhold plus many of the last year's group: Charlotte Lypsan, Ann Roberts, Bernice Gillette, Bertha Thomson, Joan Ramp, Marjorie Wallient and Rose Reid.

The High School team this year is assured of some outside competition with such teams as Springfield, Worcester and Providence.

The participation in the New England Championship events will also be part of the indoor swimming season. It is hoped that a sufficient number of girls will come out for the teams so that interclass competitions can be held.

ARCHERY

With the archery tournament over, three feminine Cupids have been discovered, making the highest marksmanship records of any students taking archery at the High School. They are Jane Hearn, winner; Doris Lovejoy, second place; Annabelle Sookey, third place.

ATTENTION!

Sophomore Girls! ! ! Here is your chance for extra credit, extra fun, extra healthfulness! The Recreational Committee of the Boys' Club of Pittsfield has decided to give a special rate in swimming to the first one hundred fifty sophomore girls who sign up.

Here's the idea: If the girls pay in advance, they can have their year's membership for \$1.50, which is one half the regular price. If a girl would rather, she may pay twenty cents a month for nine months, making the total \$1.80 which is still a \$1.20 savings. The third offer is that of paying five cents for each swim. Moreover, a girl who signs up for this course will be able to borrow one of the club suits at no extra fee, meaning that she only has to provide a towel and cap.

These girls will be given a rating which will be added to their gym marks at school. Thus sophomores are given a chance to get a better gym mark.

VOLLEYBALL

The interclass volleyball tournament is over and the winner is the junior class with the following members:

Ruth Green	Rena Grabicki
Lillian Hogue	Wanda Woikowski (Captain)
Frances Londergan	Irene Maramski
Dorothy Miller	Georgia Diamond
Edith Gould	

The following are the scores of the different volleyball games held during this tournament:

Sen.	42—Jr.	28
Jr.	45—Soph.	22
Sen.	56—Soph.	26
Soph.	43—Jr.	31
Jr.	52—Sr.	24
Sr.	41—Soph.	33
Jr.	31—Soph.	43
Sen.	24—Jr.	52



The Kappa Sigma fraternity of Massachusetts State College has some new pledges: William Tucker, Milton Howe and Don Page.

Linwood Langley has joined Kappa Alpha at Johns Hopkins.

Benning Monk and Bob Johnson are very active in the band at Norwich University.

David Strout is enrolled at the Rhode Island School of Design. Dave is taking a foundation course this year.

Marion Rhoades, a freshman at the University of Vermont, has been chosen as a second alto in the Women's Glee Club.

One of the students elected to the Board of Governors of the Carolan Club at Providence College is William Nesbit '38.

John Byrnes has been admitted to Northwestern University.

Bruce Hainsworth is continuing his editorial work as a staff member of the "Tech News" at Worcester Tech.

Frank Fish is active in the Dramatic Club, Public Speaking Club and is on the staff of the "Milford News," New Milford Academy.

Peter Barreca is a candidate for the English Departmental Honors at Massachusetts State College. A senior, Pete has been on the Dean's List since his freshman year.

Among the other students on the Dean's List at Massachusetts State are: Seniors—Marguerite Brielman, Lionel Reder, Evelyn Bergstrom and Helen Fitch; Juniors—John Lucey and Mary Thayer.

Marjorie Monroe is a member of the French Club and the orchestra at Middlebury.

Geraldine Seagrave (Pitti Sing of The Mikado) has been elected a member of the Larsen Junior College Glee Club.

George Walsh is a member of the Debating Team of Holy Cross.

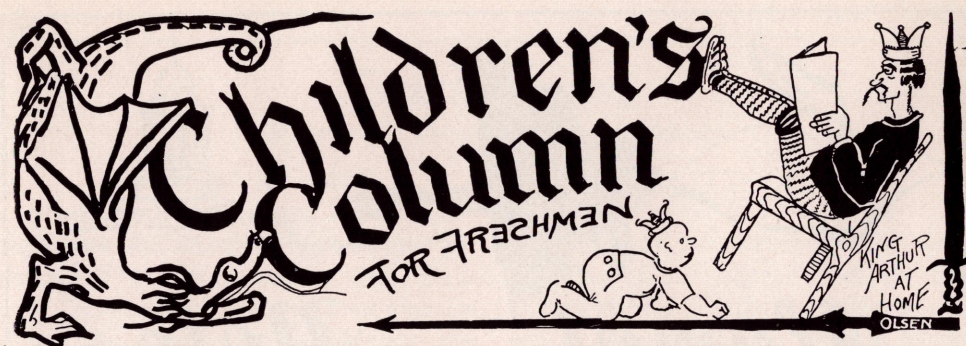
Dorothy Shelton, a former editor of THE PEN, received honorable mention for a poem submitted to the Atlantic Monthly Magazine. Dorothy is very active in literary work, at Emerson School of Oratory.

GOOD-BYE TO HOPE

By Dorothy Shelton

Goodbye to hope—
Another wasted year;
Another wasted minute;
Another vain-shed tear.
Why should we weep
For wars that are not ours?
Why should we strive
For peace among the powers
That care not whom they tread?

Goodbye to hope—
Another life made void;
Another age grown dark;
Another faith destroyed.
Why should we care?
We live not long enough
To suffer much.
Let those of sterner stuff
Brave man's decline and God's.



MAN WANTED

Miss Kaliher (explaining her idea of a congressman): "Give me a man who will stand for his rights; give me a man who knows what he wants; give me a man who knows how to get what he wants; give me a man . . . !"

ANOTHER SPOONERISM

Mr. Gorman (at the Adams football game) "This game is dedicated to a famous football coach. What's his name now? Uh, let's see, Rute Knocknee."

In an Earth Science class:

Teacher: "What is lava?"

Stevie: "Hot stuff!"

A group of students were arguing heatedly. One student held the center of the discussion. Mr. Carey drew near.

"Well, what's all this rumpus about?"

"What would you say," asked a bright junior, "about a man who woke up at midnight and went horseback riding?"

"I'd say he was crazy," announced Mr. Carey. "Anyway, who ever heard of anyone doing that?"

"Paul Revere," answered the bright junior.

Mr. Gorman wondered why the music appreciation class laughed when he explained how the tuba is held. All he said is that you place it on your knees and put your arms around it.

"IT HASN'T CHANGED A BIT!"

There are certain things we'll always remember about our life at P. H. S., long after we've forgotten some of those French idioms, Latin participles, and the story of Lancelot and Elaine.

There are a number of standard happenings that will never change—things the students who came before us did, and things students will still do after we're gone.

Students will always

- hate Mondays.
- cut their own sandwiches.
- "forget" their homework.
- heckle sophomores.
- beg, borrow, or confiscate library permits.
- walk that certain girl to her classes.
- be late for above reason.
- cut showers.
- talk in study hall.
- try to go to both sections of a double assembly.
- struggle with their locks.
- defeat St. Joseph's in football. (Open to question!).


IN THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

Star light
Star bright
Santa Claus
Comes tonight.
He'll leave presents
Under the tree
Plenty of joy
For you and me.

December, 1940

29

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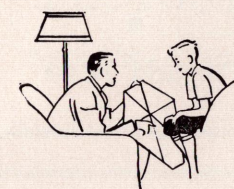
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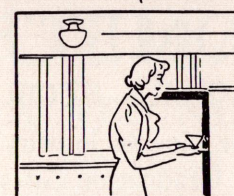
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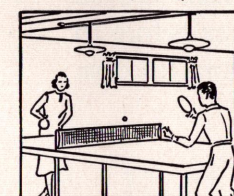
Every lamp that is used for reading, studying, or close seeing work should be equipped with at least one 100-watt, two 60's, or three 40-watt MAZDA lamps to provide plenty of light for safe seeing. 40- to 60-watt, 13¢; 100-watt, 15¢.



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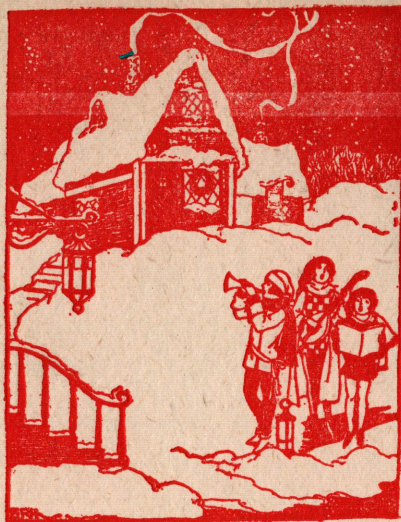
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